Dec 16
1929

Sunday

52 T-S.

Sorry to have been so long
answering – rather whirled about.
Yes, we shall be delighted
to dine on Thursday before
Keynes's if convenient to
Hall then. But if
for any reason it's difficult,
lets dine at Soma Sut-house post-house
& celebrate your Scallaway
baptism in Andit ale –
Cheshire cheese. Mr. Nicholson

Veronica sends
again. Love from
Pot.

What time dinner?
Perhaps I'll look in first.

Monks Hoard Friday

a thousand Congratulations from
L. & V. on your finish.
I shall read it over the week end.
Law! what an Excitement!
& Law! again. I pray that the
Chicken horror may be stamped
in the egg. It is an outrage
upon my view. ~~Whose~~ which I saw
when I sat among the currants
or Lamb among the cushions.
I will ring up.

V.

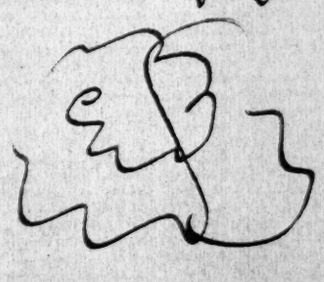
formula, which I'm a little sick of, for another love affair: but Stella, he said, taking my arm & walking me round the square — I'm in my blue period — Still I want you to speak to Mary.

I do nothing but try, vainly, to finish off a year's journalism in a week. If I can earn £400, by flights into the lives of Miss Burney, Mrs Jerrybuns, then I & can fetch every book away, & sink back in my chair & sew myself to the wings of the moth. But I doubt it. There are dates to look up. One can't simply invent the whole of Chelsea & King George the 3rd & Johnson & Mrs. Thrale I suppose. I get up at 8, think the way to write; & if I had time to prove it; the truth of ~~the~~ our derivations is not in the facts, but in the reverberation. ~~[illegible]~~. When I have read three lives, I re-make them

entirely, if there prove, I not hereby; & it is this which is the truth. (Has Harold read Lytton[2].)

So my dearest. We shall soon meet again - may the Lord not wound an ~~afri~~ asp-dinta in a Boarding House. We are coming in our shabbiest clothes: my mother in law has given me a ~~coat~~ felt like the belt a ~~sheep~~ sheep wears when it been on a high mountain alone for weeks — an old sheep. With fact, we shall spend a good deal of time alone together. And for it be loving & kind to Polly want for? And kind to Virginia[2]? And for all day that for love her in so many words, won't for, not leaving for to infer that she's an a par with me — oh damn for, for never told me Harold's word. A certain storm is over London. I am glad to be flying

Virginia



52. Tidy.

This is your property. Many thanks.
Came home like a costers barrow
flower laden - Ad Mrs Richard insisted on
carrying my bag up. Rooms entirely
garlanded. Some flowers for Perkins
wedding cake tomorrow.
I find a letter from my French translator, 4
pages long, asking me to interpret, to annotate
to explain & every other detail: as for
instance:

Red hot pokers — are these iron
pokers painted red?

Lady Margaret Duckworth rings up to ask me to
lunch to meet Herbert Fisher: will I come &
sit with Sir George who has lumbago.
A letter from America to say that we go there
for 3 months & paid £600 & save 10 lectures
& write 12 articles: Long Barn seems
& so a Paradise — Oh dear &
dear - if I had you & the country!

Not to be typed

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Thursday

Oh dear I was so touched to find your letter here — it was such a nice good hearted letter — that I had meant to give expression to my emotion: but Lord! — what a vain hope. I mean to write a long letter — and this one was to have asked, why is it that sometimes I have the V. — s almost — mean? Not for piety: no: but I do like human life on a large warm adventurous scale — dogs — flowers — boys — building so that the fear, denied electricity, — not altogether

lie but rather in the heart. But how
I raged at your mother! You see,
when one's 18, words, news,
revelations about one parents have
an immeasurable force; & that
the Thing had taken it in
hand to say them — but
I am packing, can't finish.
It seemed to me so
Satanic, so immoral: so fiendishly
inhuman.

NYPL

But we're just off,
& this is to say why don't
you come to Monks? or
you way to a farm that old
Viper's?

Ring up. If you can
or I may have to go to
Worthing.

V.

HAMILL + BARKER 2/5/62